

Muirland Willie.

HEarken and I will tel you how,
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither do nor say,
The truth I tell to you.

But ay he crys, whate'er beride,
Maggy I'll ha'e to be my Bride,
with a fal dall, &c.

On his grey Yad as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
Wi' meikle Pride and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon, Muir,
Till he came to her Dady's Door,
with a fall &c.

Goodman quoth he be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's love to win,
I care na for making meikle Din,
what answer gi' ye m?

Now wooer, quoth he, wad ye light down,
I'll gi' ye my Daughter's love to win.
with a fall &c.

Now wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where de ye win or in what Town,
I think my doghter winna gloom,
On sic a Lad as ye.

The wooer he steept up the House,
And wow but he was wondrous cross,
with a fall &c.

I have three Owfen in a plough,
Twa good gan Yads and Gear enough,
The place they ca'it Cadeneugh,
I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides I ha'e from the great L ird,
A Peat pat and a Lang Kail-Yard
with a fal &c.

The Maid put on her Kettle broun,
She was the brawest in the Town,
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie

The Lover he stended up in Haste
And gript her hard about the Waist,
with a fal &c.

To win your Love Maid I'm come here
I'm young and ha'e a enough o' Gear
And for my sell you ned not fear
Trowth try me; when you like
He took of his Bonnet & put in his Chin
He dighted his Gab & he pri'd her Mow
with a fal &c.

The Maiden blusht & bing'd fu'la
She had nae will to say him na
But to her Dady she left it a'
As they twa cou'd agree,
The Love he gave her the tither Kiss
Syne ran to her Dady and told him this
with a fal &c.

Yoar Daughter wae na fan me na
But to your sell she has left it a'.
As we cou'd gree between us twa,
say what'll ye g'e me wi' her
Now Wooer, quoth he I beanea meikle
Aut sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
with a fal &c.

A Kiln fu' of Corn I'll give to thee,
Three Soums of sheep, twa good Milk Ky
Ye's ha'e the wedding Dinner free,
trowth I dow do na mair,
Contont; quo he a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame make hast let's do't,
with a fal &c.

The Bridal Day it come, to pass,
Wi mony a blythsome lad and lass,
But sickes a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never seen,
This winsome Coupls straked Hands,
Moss John ty'd up the marriage Bando
And our Bride maidens were na few,
Wi' tap knots lug-knots a in blew,
Frae tap to tae, they were bra new,
And blink it bonilie,

their toys and mutches were sic clean,
they glanced in our laddies Een,
Sic Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din.
Wi he o'er her and she o'er him;
the minstrels they never bliin,

Wi mickle mirth and Glee.
and ay they bobit and ay they beck,
and ay their Wames together met,
with a fal &c.

